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A Letter from Hector Berlioz to Liszt. (1843)

[From "*Musikalische Wanderung durch Deutschland.*"]

On my return from Hechingen, I remained several days in Stuttgart, exposed to new embarrassments. * * * I had written to Weimar, but received no reply, and this I was obliged to await before I made a decision.

You know not, dear Liszt, this trouble of uncertainty; it is all the same to you whether you can count upon a complete orchestra in any city, which you think of visiting, or not; whether the theatre is closed, if the intendant will place it at your disposal, and other like contingencies. Proudly you can exclaim, like Louis XIV.: "I am the orchestra! I am the chorus! At my grand piano I sing, dream, rejoice, and it excels in its rapidity the nimblest bows. Like the orchestra, it has its whispering flutes, and pealing horns, and without any preparation can, like that, breathe the evening breeze from its silvery clouds of magic chords and tender melodies. It requires no scenes, no decorations, no spacious stage; I need not weary myself with tedious rehearsals; I want neither a hundred, nor fifty, nor twenty assistants; I need not one, and can even do without music. A large hall, a grand piano, and I am master of a whole audience. Applause resounds through the room." When his memory awakens brilliant fantasies under his fingers, shouts of enthusiasm welcome them. Then he sings Schubert's *Ave Maria*, or Beethoven's *Adelaide*, and every heart bounds to meet him, every breath is hushed in agitated silence, in suppressed amazement. Then, high in air, ascends the thundering strife and glittering finale of these mighty fireworks, and the acclamations of the admiring public. Now, amid a shower of wreaths and blossoms, the priest of harmony ascends his golden tripod; beautiful maidens approach, to kiss with tears the hem of his garment; to him belongs the sincere admiration of earnest minds, as well as the involuntary homage of the envious; to him bend noble forms, to him bow hearts, who do not comprehend their own emotions. And the next day, having poured forth the inexhaustible treasure of his inspiration, he hastens away, leaving behind him a glittering train of glory and enthusiasm. It is a dream! One of those golden dreams which one has when he is named Liszt or Paganini.

On the other hand, what trials, what unthankful labor, what recurring annoyances must the composer undergo, who travels to produce his own works. Does any one comprehend what torture the rehearsal is to him?

First, he has to bear the cold looks of the musicians, who hate to be troubled on his account, and to be obliged to practise more than usual. "What does the Frenchman want here." "Why doesn't he stay at home." So they show their ill-will. However, they take their places; but, at the first glance at the orchestra, the composer observes empty seats. He asks the reason of the

leader. "The first clarinet is sick; the 'cello has the croup; the bassoons are on parade, and forgot to ask leave of absence; the drum has sprained his wrist; the harp does not come to rehearsal, because he must have time to study his part." &c. Then they begin; the notes are read, as well as they can, and in time twice as slow as that of the composer. Nothing is so horrible for him, as this dragging of the rhythm! At last his instinct gets the upper hand, his enthusiasm carries him away, he hastens the tempo and reaches unintentionally the right movement of the piece; now what disorder breaks loose! What frightful discords rend his ears and heart! He must stop and resume again the slow time, going through the long passages piecemeal, whose free and rapid course he had so often directed elsewhere. But even this is not enough. Notwithstanding the slow time, the wind instruments make the greatest discord; he tries to discover the reason.

"The trumpets alone! if you please. . . Well what is the matter? the third is written, and you play the chord of the second. The second trumpet (in C) has D. Sound the D.—Very well. The first has C, and then F. Your C, if you please! Horrible! You are playing B!" "No, I am playing as it is written." "Not at all; you are playing B." "I am playing C." "In what key is your trumpet?" "In E flat." "That's where it is, the F trumpet is directed." "So! It is clear enough, I beg your pardon."

"Now! what a devil of a noise are you making, Mr. Drummer?" "I have a fortissimo, sir!" "By no means! a mezzo forte. There are not two F's, only M and F. Besides you are using wooden drumsticks, and you must exchange them for covered ones. That is as different as day and night." "We don't know what you call covered drumsticks, said the leader, we have no other than the ordinary ones!" "So I thought, I brought some with me from Paris, you will find a pair on the table. Now are we in order? Heavens! that is twenty times too loud, you have no mutes on." "We have none. The leader forgot them; but we will have them to-morrow," etc.

After three or four hours of similar worrying, not a single comprehensible effect is brought out. Everything is ragged, stubborn, false, lifeless, flat, out of tune, horrible! And under this impression the eighty musicians are released, tired and dissatisfied, telling everywhere that they do not understand the meaning of such music; it is like a chaos, an infernal noise, such as they never heard before. The next day shows no appreciable progress; but, on the third, it begins to be more apparent, and then the poor composer begins to breathe more freely. The fundamental harmonies stand out in bold relief; the rhythms clear up; the melodies sound sportive or lamenting; the united mass gets more interested; after all the tottering and stammering, the orchestra is more self-reliant, grows bolder, firmer, gives the true expression, and goes on in steady ranks like an army of brave soldiers.

With comprehension, comes courage to the astonished musicians. The composer requests a fourth rehearsal. His assistants, the best men in the world, at heart, cheerfully assent. Now, *fiat lux!* "Take care of the signs!" "Have you no farther anxiety?" "No! only give us the right time." *Via!* and it is light! the idea shines out, the work is understood. The orchestra rise and loudly applaud the composer; the leader congratulates him; the inquisitive come out of their hiding places, and approach under cover of the confusion, to look at the foreign master, whom they at first took for a wild, or crazy man.

Now the poor man needs rest; but at this time care and attention are doubly necessary. Pencil in hand, he must journey from desk to desk, and, instead of the French marks of expression, substitute those written in German; in the wind parts, instead of, *en rē, en rē bemol en fa dièse*, he must write, *in C, in D, in Des, in Fis*. A solo for the English horn must be transposed for the oboe, because they have not the former instrument in the orchestra, and the oboe player cannot trust himself to transpose. He must hear the choruses, and singers again separately, if they were not reliable. Then the audience assembles, and the hour arrives. Wearied in soul and body, he ascends to the conductor's desk, hardly able to stand, until the applause of the public, the excitement of the playing, and his love for the work inspire him. Then success follows. In such a moment as this, I maintain, the composer lives a life in his musical creation, which is wholly unknown to the mere performer. With what passionate enthusiasm does he give himself up to *play the orchestra!* How he presses, hurries, subdues this huge, roaring instrument! His attentiveness is redoubled; he has his eye everywhere, his voice commands the entrance of voices, and instruments; up, down, left, right; his arm hurls out formidable harmonies, which, like glittering fire-balls, vanish in the distance, then suddenly, at the pause, he stills the excited waves. All eyes are fixed on him, arm and breath suspended, they await the signal. . . . he listens a moment to the silence. . . . then again lets loose the raging tempest, which he for a moment had controlled.

Luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonora
Imperio premit, ac vinclis et carcere frenat.

And, in the great Adagios, with what delight does he rock on the waves of smooth harmonies! How he listens to the hundred united voices, singing the hymn of his love, his laments over the present or grief for the past, which he had confided only to night and solitude! At such moments, and only then, the composer entirely forgets the audience; he listens to the music, criticizes it carefully; and with him, his assistants about him, are affected by it; the public is too far removed to share his feelings. Does his heart beat under the poetical influence of the melody? does his eye moisten, and does he see near him sparkling teardrops of emotion? Then the goal

is reached, the celestial region of art is opened: earth is nought to him!

And at the close of the concert, when the triumph is won, a hundred times greater is his happiness, which all share, who have stood and fought beside him.

But you great virtuosos, who are princes and kings, by the grace of God, are born to sit upon thrones; whereas the composer is obliged to obtain the mastery by earnest combat and conquest. But, indeed, the hardships and dangers of the struggle enhance the glory and splendor of the victory; and perhaps he would be happier than you, but that the forces are not always at his command.

This was a long digression, dear Liszt, and I almost forgot the continuation of my travels in thus chatting. Here it is. During the two days that I remained in Stuttgart, waiting for letters from Weimar, there was a brilliant concert given in the dancing hall, under Lindpaintner's direction, in which I had an opportunity of remarking the coldness with which, in general, the German public regard the greatest compositions of Beethoven. The Overture to *Leonora*, a truly colossal work, was performed with wonderful precision and effect, and hardly applauded at all; and in the evening at the hotel table, I heard a gentleman complain that they did not give a symphony of Haydn, instead of such frightful music, without any melody!!! Truly we have no such "old fogies" (*Philistines*) any longer in Paris!

When, at last, I received a favorable answer from Weimar, I set out for Karlsruhe. I would have given a concert there, but the conductor, Strauss, told me, I should have to wait eight or ten days, on account of an engagement which the direction had made with a Piedmontese flutist. So I hastened to reach Mannheim, out of respect to the great flute.

Mannheim is a quiet city, very level and regularly built; but I do not believe that a passion for music disturbs the slumbers of the inhabitants. There is a large singing academy, a good theatre, and a small, but efficient orchestra. The direction of the singing academy, and of the orchestra, is confided to the younger Lachner, brother of the composer, a quiet, timid man, and a modest and talented artist. He soon arranged a concert for me, but I have forgotten the programme. I only recollect that I wished to perform my second symphony, "*Harold*," and that in the first rehearsal, the finale "*L'Orgie*" had to be omitted, because the trombones were not able to execute their part in this movement. Lachner was greatly disappointed, as he said he wished to hear the entire representation; but I assured him that it would be idle to persist in it, on account of the incapacity of the trombones, and with such weak violins the finale would have no effect. The first three movements of the symphony went well and made a lively impression on the public. The Grand-duchess Stephanie, who honored the concert with her presence, was delighted with the characteristic points of the "*Pilgrim March*," and especially with the "*Serenade in the Abruzzi*," in which she thought she could recognize the quiet repose of the beautiful Italian nights. The viola solo was skilfully performed by the orchestra viola player, whose modesty will not permit him to make any pretensions to virtuosity. I found in Mannheim a very good harpist, an excellent oboist, who played the English horn pretty

well, and an expert violoncellist named Heinefetter, a relation of the well known singer, and also good trumpet players. There was no ophicleide. To supply this instrument, so necessary for all new great compositions, Lachner had substituted a tenor valve-bassoon, which reached down to the low C and B. In my opinion, it would have been more simple to have procured an ophicleide, and it certainly would have been more appropriate, since these two instruments so little resemble each other. I was able to attend the rehearsals at the singing academy but once; the members generally had very good voices, but they are not particularly musical, and do not read well.

During my stay in Mannheim, Mlle. Sabine Heinefetter appeared in *Norma*. I had not heard her since she left the Italian Opera in Paris. She still possessed a powerful voice, and a certain facility in singing; but she sometimes forced her voice, until the tones were unpleasant to the ear. But even with these faults, she met with few rivals among the Germans, for she was an accomplished singer.

The time passed very heavily at Mannheim, notwithstanding the kind attention of a Frenchman, Mons. Desiré Lemire, whom I had met eight or ten years before in Paris. It strikes one, how foreign to an artistic life are the manners of the people, and the looks of the place. And music is regarded only as a pleasant pastime, in which to dispose of idle hours. Besides, it rained steadily; in the neighborhood of my dwelling, the tower clock sounded in minor, and from the tower a shrill sparrow-hawk pierced my ears early and late. Then I longed for that poet-city whither I was called by letters from my honored countryman Chêlard, and Lobe. (Lobe, that type of a true German artist, whose worth and sincerity you, as I know, have had opportunities of proving.

And now I am on the Rhine again—I met Guhr.—He swore.—I took leave.—In Frankfurt, a moment with Hiller. The performance of his "*Destruction of Jerusalem*" is about to take place.—Away I went with a bad sore throat.—I fell asleep on the road.—A horrible dream... which you shall not hear.—Weimar! I arrived, quite ill.—In vain Lobe and Chêlard tried to set me right. Preparations for a concert.—Arrangements for the first rehearsal.—Ill humor vanishes and I am well again.

Here it is quite different. Here I am delighted. I find in the air something of literary feeling, of artistic life. The look of the city equals all my expectations; repose, light, air, and dreamy contentment, enchanting neighborhood, beautiful streams, shady hills, and smiling valleys. How my heart beat at every step! Here is Goethe's dwelling; here the summer-house where the Grand-duke shared in the learned conversation of Schiller, Herder and Wieland. This Latin inscription, graven on the rock, is by the hand which wrote "*Faust*!" Can it be possible! Through those two little windows the light came into the garret room, where Schiller dwelt! In this miserable place the one who sang of all noble human emotions, wrote his "*Don Carlos*," "*Maria Stuart*," "*Robbers*," "*Wallenstein*." There he died, like an ordinary student! How it grieves me to think that Goethe could have permitted it. He, the wealthy minister of state, should have prepared a happier fate for the poet and friend.

Or was there nothing in this vaunted friendship! I fear it only lived in Schiller's breast. Goethe loved himself and his infernal Mephisto too much; he was cruel to Gretchen; he had lived too long and was too much afraid to die.

Schiller! Schiller! Thou wert worthy of a less selfish friend! I cannot turn my eyes from those small windows, this dark house, this miserable, black roof. It is one o'clock in the morning, the moon shines brightly, the cold is piercing. All is still, all are passed away. My heart swells, a shudder thrills through me, oppressed by that mournful admiration and undying love with which the spirits of immortal men fill us inglorious ones, this side the grave. I fall on my knees with reverence and sorrow, on that sacred threshold, and cry involuntarily, Schiller! Schiller! Schiller!

... Chêlard helped me in obtaining my object. The intendant, Baron von Spiegel, entered very cheerfully into my views, and placed theatre and orchestra at my disposal. Nothing was said of chorus, and his courage might well fail him at mentioning it. I had had an opportunity of judging in Marschner's "*Vampyr*." Of such squalling nobody can have any conception. Out of politeness, I will say nothing of the women singers. A bass, named Genast, sang the Vampyr; he is an artist, in the fullest sense of the word. Besides, an excellent tragedian. I regretted extremely not being able to remain longer in Weimar, to see him in a Shakespearian tragedy; as King Lear, which was to be performed at the time of my departure. The orchestra is very well arranged, and out of regard for me, Chêlard and Lobe collected all the stringed instruments they could find, and there was a body of twenty-two violins, seven violas, seven violoncellos, and seven contrabasses brought together. The wind instruments were complete, and I observed among them an excellent first clarinet, and Sax-trumpet. The English horn was wanting, and a clarinet substituted. A worthy young man, Herr Montag, a pianist and skilful musician, had the kindness to arrange both the harp-parts for piano, and to undertake playing them himself. A bombardon took the place of the ophicleide, and was in good hands. Now that the vacancies were all filled, we continued the rehearsals. The musicians of Weimar expressed a decided predilection for the *Frances Juges* Overture, which they had so often played, and left me nothing to desire in regard to its performance. So it was also with the "*Sinfonie fantastique*," which was successful in every way. I still remember the impression made upon the leader and some amateurs, at the rehearsal, by the first movement, "*Reveries-passion*," and the third, "*Scène aux champs*." After the latter they were much affected, and when at the concluding solo of the forsaken shepherd, after the last peal of thunder, the orchestra again commences and then ceases, as with a deep sigh, I heard around me real sighs, as from oppressed hearts, and an outburst of deep feeling and sympathy. Chêlard expressed himself mostly in favor of the "*March to the place of execution*," but the public preferred the "*Ball*" and the "*Scène aux champs*." The *Frances Juges* Overture was hailed as an old acquaintance.

Ah! here I am on the point of saying farewell again. I say nothing of the full house, the applause, and callings out to receive congratulations

in the name of his highness; of new friends embracing me at the door, and, *volens volens*, staying with me until three or four o'clock in the morning: if I should write all these fine things, you would take me for a vain, puffed up — Truly, this upsets all my philosophy, and frightens me, so I will be silent, and say farewell!

Beethoven and the Various Editions of his Works.

BY OTTO JAHN.

[Continued from Vol. XXIV., page 411.]

In connection with the collective edition, Beethoven cherished another project, the non-fulfillment of which we might, at first, feel rather inclined to regret. It was his intention, as Schindler again informs us, to determine, by headings and short hints, the "poetical idea" of various compositions, in order to facilitate the correct comprehension and execution of them. He used to say complainingly, when questioned as to the sense and significance of expressive compositions, the time in which he wrote most of the Sonatas was more poetical than the times which came after it, probably because people then gave themselves up simply to the music; being satisfied with the impression produced by it, and, allowing the sentiments excited by it to die away on their minds, they did not experience the necessity of enquiring after thoughts and ideas for the purpose of fixing with precision the object which interested them by facts having nothing to do with music. "Every one," he complained, "felt in the Largo of the Sonata in D major [Op. 10], the state of mind of a melancholy man therein depicted, with all the various gradations of light and shade in the picture of melancholy." This is what every one endowed with musical taste most certainly feels at present and always will feel on hearing the Sonata; but with this the questioners were not contented; their prying souls desired to learn further what had been the individual and personal occasion for such a frame of mind, and that, too, if possible, in the composer himself, whom people are only too fond of identifying with the work of art. But supposing the composer to answer such questions, would his doing so really be of any advantage to us? One day, when Beethoven was in good humor, Schindler asked him for the key of the Sonatas, in D minor [Op. 31, 2], and F minor [Op. 57]. Beethoven replied: "Just read Shakespeare's *Tempest*." Schindler was evidently somewhat disappointed, for he continues: "There then it is to be found; but in what place? Enquirer, read, reflect, and guess!" It is probable that the Enquirer will gather from his perusal the firm conviction that Shakespeare's *Tempest* affects him differently from the manner in which it affected Beethoven, and does not, in his instance, produce D minor and F minor Sonatas. That it was precisely this drama which could excite Beethoven to produce such works is a fact which we certainly do not learn without interest, but any attempt to gain a comprehension of them from Shakespeare would only be to prove the incompetency of our musical conception. Even when Beethoven, on a particular occasion, cites more definitely, we are not assisted in our comprehension of his productions. His intimate friend, Amerda, has informed us that Beethoven said the Grave Scene from *Romeo and Juliet* was floating before his mind when he was composing the Adagio in the F major Quartet; yet if any one turns to his Shakespeare, and after a careful perusal, endeavors to realize this scene to himself when he listens to the Adagio, will he increase or spoil the true enjoyment of the latter? According to Czerny's statement, corroborated by others, Beethoven said the idea of the Adagio in the E minor Quartet [Op. 59, 2] struck him at the spectacle of the starry heavens; it is asserted that, after he had been sitting out of doors in the dark for a long time, the sight of lights glistening on all sides inspired him with the motive of the Scherzo in the D minor Symphony; a rider galloping past, with the theme for the last movement in the Sonata in D minor [Op. 31, 2];

and the impatient knocking of some one in vain seeking to be let into his house late at night, the motive in the first movement of the Violin Concerto. It is possible that a pregnant impression at a favorable moment may have called forth, with the rapidity of lightning, a characteristic motive; it is possible, also, that the impression remained fixed in the composer's mind; but with the artistic development, with the creative organization of the work of art, this material incentive had nothing further to do; the artist's action is exercised in quite a different sphere, and whoever believes a work of art can be constructed out of an accidental material motive, has no idea of the process of artistic creation. Were any one, for instance, to take it into his head to deduce and explain the first movement of the Violin Concerto, in conformity with its psychological development and external structure, from the above situation of the man knocking in the night at his door, in heaven's name let such a person knock away in his turn: the door leading to a right comprehension of the subject will not be opened to him.

Headings and notices, though authentic and emanating from Beethoven himself, would not have greatly assisted us in penetrating the sense and significance of his works—so much we may say without detracting too greatly from the interest they would have derived from many explanations of a personal nature; there is rather cause for apprehending they would have occasioned mistakes and blunders, just as those did which Beethoven really published. The beautiful Sonata in E flat major [Op. 81] is headed, as we are all aware, "*Les adieux, l'absence, et le retour*," and is, therefore, confidently interpreted as an undoubted specimen of programme-music. "That it portrays passages from the life of a couple of lovers, is a fact we pre-suppose," says Marx, who does not take upon himself to decide whether the lovers are married or not—"but the composition furnishes the proof."—"The lovers open their arms as birds of passage their wings," says Lenz at the conclusion of the Sonata. Now, upon the original of the first part, Beethoven wrote:—

"Farewell to the Departure of his Imperial Highness, the Arch-Duke Rudolph, the 4th May, 1809."

And upon the title of the second:

"Arrival of his Imperial Highness, the Arch-Duke Rudolph, the 30th January, 1810."

We can easily understand that, when he published these outpourings of sentiments which were altogether of a personal nature, he desired to preserve the reminiscence of the cause that gave rise to them, and yet not name his Imperial friend. But how would he have protested at being made, when writing of the Arch-Duke, to depict this wing-flapping She "in the flattering caresses of heavenly delight." Here, we see, the motive and situation are given by Beethoven himself, but he must have made a mistake in the tone he adopted—unless, indeed, his interpreters have done so.

As we know, Beethoven complained, often and bitterly, of those who expounded him, and he had good cause for doing so. There is no doubt he would perfectly agree with Mendelssohn when the latter wrote to Souhay: "What any music I like expresses for me is not *thoughts too indefinite* to clothe in words, but *too definite*—If you ask me what I thought on the occasion in question, I say: the song itself precisely as it stands. And if, in this or that instance, I had in my mind a definite word or words, I would not utter them to a soul, because words do not mean for one person what they mean for another; because the song alone can say to one, can awake in him, the same feelings it can in another—feelings, however, not to be expressed by the same words." For this reason we may be contented that Beethoven, too, has not uttered words, for they would have seduced too many into the error of believing that he who understood the heading would understand the work of art as well. Beethoven's music says all he desired to say; it is and ever will be the clear spring from which every one who possesses susceptibility may draw.

The negotiations for a collective edition were,

probably, the reason of Hasslinger's having a copy made of all Beethoven's compositions. This copy might have served as the basis of a printed edition. At a subsequent epoch, uniformly and beautifully executed by a professor of writing, and containing every work by Beethoven, it was purchased by the Arch-Duke Rudolph, and, in a long series of stately folios, constitutes one of the principal attractions of his library, which he bequeathed to the Society of the Friends of Music at Vienna. Unfortunately, however, when the works were copied out, caligraphy was the sole end kept in view, and no care was taken to insure correctness, so that, as far as affording critical assistance, this copy has proved of no use.

As no collective edition was brought out by Beethoven himself, K. Ph. Dunst, of Frankfort, made an attempt to bring out one. But being undertaken without an appreciation of its importance, as well as without the necessary preparations and means, this edition,—which certainly brought to light some few things that were unknown or had been forgotten, but was recommended neither by careful editing nor by the way it was got up—soon stopped.

(To be Continued.)

Fine Arts.

The Pro and Con of Academies.—Dr. Rimmer's Lectures.

It has often been debated in the critical world whether academies can assist genius; whether that heaven-illuminated faculty depends upon instruction for its perfection, or is purely intuitive. We think the question is decided if we reflect upon the painful striving all early periods exhibit to express the idea which haunts the sensitive gifted man, and possesses him like his shadow, which yet the imperfect knowledge of his age prevents him from completely embodying. The earnestness of feeling is there, the training is wanting. Nothing is finer than the dramatic, Dante-like conceptions of Giotto, or the terrible imaginations of Orcagna, the fair spiritualities of Angelico, which are purity and aspiration itself. But the uncultivated beholder is repelled so strongly by the technical imperfection of the work, the vacant atmosphere, the flat area, the pitiable perspective, the rude symbolisms that do duty for nature, that the effect upon him is one more of pain than of pleasure. There is undeniable genius in early art, as in old books, but it is quaint and archaic, to rudeness and repulsion. In our own country the art instinct or idea seems native and strong, as is proved by the numbers who have sprung up so unexpectedly (many in mature years) in obscure places and Western States, where one would least expect it, as sculptors and painters. Yet the simply passionate interest and love, which rises to a certain level of prettiness and mediocrity, (as in poetry), is not to be mistaken, as is commonly is, for genius, and all the newspapers set wild in fulsome puffs to hail a new wonder, a rising star, a perfect paragon.

We know of nothing better adapted to correct this crudity and conceit, to give a tone to taste, a foundation to knowledge, a modesty to genius, than such solid and thorough instruction as is to be met with in this city. Men of genius are here, gathered by the opportunity—a golden one—of these lectures. Men upon whom the future of American art rests; upon whom the mantle of Allston, Leslie, Newton, Stuart and Cole has fallen, if upon any.

If the petty towns of Germany can lead the world in the paths of theology and criticism, shall not Boston become the centre of an academy which shall raise the standard and elevate the purpose of American art, and better its instruction?

Since the days of the old Italians, those great schools, the envy and despair of succeeding times, and the great teaching of Rubens and Rembrandt, perhaps there has been nothing better calculated to

stimulate genius than the fugitive drawings, happy accidents of moods and times, fragments as they are, of an undeniable genius which here vanish with the lesson. It is a rare art to teach. Some possess this genius. In others their own faculty is frozen in, and cannot impart itself.

In Dr. Rimmer's classes, we but give voice to the judgment of his best scholars, men of European education and acknowledged genius, when we say, that his manner of teaching is not excelled in our day, for thoroughness, for science, for its ease of comprehension, exhaustive method and suggestive inspiration.—It may be doubted whether so much anatomical knowledge, such complete and perfect mastery of drawing in its most difficult departments, and so much art-feeling, fertility of conception and fancy, have ever been surpassed in the palmiest days of academies, if equalled; in those days which turned out the hosts of men of genius in the great periods of Italian art, and later, the wonderful Flemish school, to which Rubens imparted his freedom and exuberance of style and Rembrandt his concentration and power, the schools of mighty painters which produced such men as the Carracci, Guercino, Spagnoletto, Luca Giordano, in Italy; Jordaens, Both, Ferdinand Bol, and scores of others in Europe, who seem as giants to the dwarfed, feeble, uncertain genius of a later day.

That academies will not create genius, may be allowed; but that they will educate it, that they may foster it, and bring it out, will be conceded.

In our own days are seen two schools of opposite tendencies, which illustrate the excellence and defect of academic methods. While in France art has returned to nature, as, in England, Wordsworth led back her sister muse, poetry, to the wells undefiled; while the genius of that sensitive people is smitten with nature's love, and follows her, docile and adoring as a child, selecting all her wayside beauty, casual grace, unexpected felicity with unerring taste, unstudied feeling, and a method which is simplicity itself, full of purity of love as it is profound with depth of apprehension: in Germany is a school vitiated with academies, oppressed with learning, stilted in composition, false and forced in style, meretricious in color; displaying no deep sympathy with nature, no subtle perception, no simple love, though pleasing in subject and romantic in aim—having in this the German genius, which can still write ballads in an age of stocks and railroads—ballads which have gone out ages ago in England and France, snuffed out in an atmosphere of prose, politics, and commercial development. The modern world may well ask itself what will bring back the poetry of the past.

The French mind, so clear, clever, brilliant, compact; master of all its faculties, and little led astray by the temptations and discursiveness of genius, the hauntings of solitary feeling—the idiosyncrasy and isolation—would not have achieved a result so splendid as we see accomplished in our day, were it not for a resolute and thorough course of instruction continued through many schools and phases of development.

The emancipation from frigid classicism, stilted and insipid in its achievement, as it ever must be where it is slavishly imitative—Academy-taught and not nature-inspired—which took place under the reforming, inspiring influences of Decamps, de la Croix, de la Roche, Bonington and the English Constable, has, under the guidance of a sure knowledge, and with the aid of a patient, perfect training and practice, resulted in putting France on a pinnacle;—in producing a nation of artists surpassing all that has preceded it in many essential respects; artists never before equalled for their simplicity and depth of feeling, their tender and true sympathy with nature and their nearness to the spirit of her forms; a nation as far before our own in this respect, with all its vain conceit of its own performances, its boasted achieve-

ments and over-ambitions and inflated designs—works which are never criticized and always puffed—as the poetry of Wordsworth, and Keats, Shelley and Tennyson is superior to the stilted diction and artificial heroics of the last century—to which it bears a similar and corresponding relation.

It would appear to be the destiny of this country to have many centres and no overgrown capital. If so, Boston, as she has had a distinguished history in the past, may look forward to a future of no less fame and honor. In literature and intellectual culture she holds the first place. Without any provincial conceit, we may say the palm will be easily allowed her; nor is it needful to enumerate her great names; men who, from her own centre or neighboring towns, have risen to widespread or universal fame. The intellectual life of New England and the North finds its home here, and the best intellects and most cultivated travellers are best pleased here to linger and reside.—If we exert any intellectual reaction on Europe, it is from New England it is to be traced.

Republics have favored Art. The Greeks will never be excelled. The Italian States sent forth the greatest school of painters the world ever saw. Our people possess an eye for proportion, which nature has gifted and trained. Their manufactures are the neatest, compactest in form and material of any in the world. The carpentry nowhere equalled; the ships unsurpassed. Tools, utensils, under our mechanics' hands, assume a fineness not before known. Let the clumsy houses in the Provinces be compared with the trim proportions of our villages, to show the innate fineness of the American workman's hand. But we lack taste, and our exuberant fancy everywhere displays itself in fulsome and tawdry decoration—in furniture, in houses, hotels, steamers, railway-carriages. Yet the love of ornamentation, the willingness to expend for it, is much. There is a great fondness for richness and beauty, but it wants education, wants fineness, direction and taste. Instruction will furnish this natural eye with some true models and certain principles. No one can draw much from the human figure, which is the prime of nature's works, or from the world of landscape about us, and not unconsciously imbibe the principles of true taste and knowledge, founded on nature herself,—gained from her ministrations and caught from her forms,—as the northern forests gave birth to Gothic architecture, not through palpable or direct imitation, or vain attempts at reproduction, but through the rare atmosphere breathed in her presence and inspired by her love.

Thus may this instruction flowing from the fountain head be let down, applied to domestic uses, and available for common purposes, that so we may be surrounded with objects of beauty to dwell upon and admire:—be made of use to enrich staples, give taste to designs, improve chintz patterns or improvise carpets. The Technological Institute, if it is true to its purpose, may accomplish this. The effort making in England, to equal English taste to French elegance, well assisted by such men as Ruskin, Layard and others, and the daily growing collections at Kensington, with its lectures to working men, has resulted in making one manufacture in England quite surpass the world. The British glass, for style and quality, a remarkable, delicate and exquisite beauty, and purity, fairly eclipsed all others in the great exhibition in London in 1862. As to music, which is the glory of Germany, our city is second to no other in America in knowledge and appreciation.

It now remains to be seen, if, with such a rare opportunity afforded in the extraordinary talents of one of her own children, she will allow herself to drop behind her sister cities in the cultivation of art, one of the truest adornments of civilized life; one of the sources of Grecian perfection, Italian greatness and French eminence; a subtle accomplishment and beauty which is scarcely second to literature in elevating

the taste and habits of a whole people, too much given to the practical, the political, the prosaic—the poetic seeming sometimes to be left out of their composition—a people intellectual, eager, earnest; introverted at the expense of the aesthetic; impressive; deficient in sentiment:—a people deep in its conscience, and intense in its pursuits, to whom the fair dalliance with the beautiful would happily unite with its stern pursuit of the good and uncompromising love of the true.

We have now among us, by as rare and happy an opportunity as not often occurs, a teacher who in his capacity, and felicitous method of instruction, his extraordinary knowledge, seems indeed to revive the glorious days of Italy, and the incomparable mastery of the old Italians. Such an opportunity to found an Academy, if not availed of here, will surely be secured to New York, to whom indeed it would do infinite good. Academic instruction, mastery of drawing in its most difficult field, is to art and arts of design what discipline is to the soldier, experience and training to the sailor, gymnastics to the athlete, without which, natural aptitudes are often worse than vain, giving birth to monstrous, or perverted performances, to which in our time the whole country so readily and eagerly runs. Self-made men are sometimes transcendent, and often great, seemingly able to dispense with all instruction—Heaven-taught:—but it would be hard to prove, that superior opportunities do not commonly give a vantage ground from which to start; that universities are not better for knowledge than lonely students, self-relying and self-centred; that genius may not be thus assisted in its difficult career, and many an obscure virtue and latent talent dragged to light and made to shine and give forth its beams to benefit and delight the world.

It is current conceit, that we should be independent of the past, and other countries, that so we may preserve our originality undimmed, and, the uncorrupted genius of the land—indigenous, unalloyed—may tread forth into realms yet unconquered and unexplored, enslaved to no foreign modes and bound by no foreign models. A worthy ambition, but concealing a subtle fallacy, and originating in a state of mind crude as vain. We cannot strip ourselves of the past, any more than we can fly from our own skin, creep out of our own constitution. It is our inheritance, and a part and parcel of ourselves, and all we have of literature, art or knowledge is built on its foundation—derived—the result of slow accumulation, gradual processes, the trained and practised faculties of ages. It is, as if one determining to pursue literature, should refuse to study the classics, Shakespeare or Milton, Chaucer or Gray, for fear of having his originality compromised, his genius repressed. True genius assimilates all instruction, benefits by all opportunity, knits up into its life and takes on all results. Further progress and new combinations are its very soul. It subordinates knowledge, gained in the schools, or the great training ground of galleries and academies—the university of the world—foreign countries and past ages, and infuses it with the instinct and impulse of to-day, the life of the hour, the demand, the quick sympathy of the people and the land.

If men of genius and highest promise can be drawn here to attend these lectures, Boston will soon cease to be provincial in art, but be what she is in science and literature; assume the rank which belongs to her intellectually; live over again in idea, and regain, the great days of Allston under happier auspices and with a more solid result. That great painter himself, full of imagination and refinement and ideal feeling, as he was, would probably have been benefited by such a course as is now afforded to the present generation. He would not have left us works, which, with all their genius, show an imperfect training, trying to secure the largest and most generous results—as conspicuous, sometimes, in this, as in their beauties and elevation, and hence repelling the uneducated, who cannot detect genius under the mask of incompleteness, faulty methods and parts neglected or ill drawn.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 19.—Messrs. CROSS and JARVIS gave their third *soirée* last evening. Those visiting the Foyer on their nights, would almost feel warranted in concluding that classical music had, at last, become popularized in Philadelphia. The ardent lover of the divine art might hail the large audience as an evidence of numerous conversions to his creed, and would fain flatter himself with the solacing conviction that one of his fondest hopes had been realized.

May we be forgiven if we express a doubt in this regard. The large audience is a fact, and, as such, must be accounted for. Well then, could there be a better reason for its existence than the personal and professional popularity of Messrs. Cross and Jarvis? We are forced to assume that there is no other, since the efforts of other artists, equally as earnest, meet with no such success as theirs.

It has already been remarked that the programmes of these *soirées* are uniformly excellent. We must congratulate Messrs. C. & J. on this, since they are thus enabled to address a larger public, which cannot but be improved by their well-directed efforts.

On this occasion, Beethoven's "Geister" Trio began the programme. It is so well-known, that nothing need be said of the composition. Mr. Gaertner always plays with feeling; generally, with truthful conception; frequently, with correct intonation. In the *forte* passages of the Adagio, we noted a slight tendency to exaggeration on his part. Mr. Charles Schmitz surprised us by his unwonted warmth. Mr. Jarvis's piano playing was, as usual, excellent. There is no longer a doubt regarding the artistic position of this gentleman. He is a conscientious artist and, of course, always improves. With such a man, to be idle is to be retrogressive. We almost fear, however, that his lessons demand too much of his time; for there is no one of our teachers more *en vogue* than he. He undoubtedly owes it to himself and the public to winnow his class, that he may devote greater attention to his own studies.

The *Concert-Stück*, by Weber, formed the middle portion of the programme; and an *Otello*, by Spohr, concluded the performance. On first hearing, I find this last-named work the least interesting of Spohr's chamber compositions. There is correctness, grace, prettiness and proportion, almost provoking a simile between it and some of the cold, finished productions of the classic Everett. Of passion there is not a trace. The third movement, (an air, by Handel, with variations) received an *encore*.

We have had another WEHLI concert lately. Mr. W. is a pianist of wondrous digital dexterity. His compositions, which, in the main, consist of popular operatic, or of national airs, interwoven with a flimsy tissue of old-fashioned Prudent and Thalberg difficulties, are uninteresting. They require fine playing, however, and receive it at his hands. His manner is characterized by perfect self-possession, and is void of aught that might savor of affection.

A Mlle. DE KATOW is a member of the same troupe. She is announced as the great *violincelliste*; and, as such, is presumed to be the great card of Manager Strakosch's enterprise. It were ungallant to say that she plays "very well for a woman;" so we shall content ourselves by remarking that we should require better playing than hers from any man who claimed even moderate acquaintance with the difficulties of that instrument. She has but little execution, but gives the *cantabile* passages with much sentiment and delicacy.

We have the promise of Verdi's *Forza del Destino*, and of Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, to be given by the Italians from New York. We trust that the two nights of opera may be so successful as to induce a second visit of the Maretzek troupe.

The Grover troupe presented us with an apology for an operatic season, at the end of which it was agreed, by all who were well-informed, that we had

been dreadfully taken in. The only question in doubt was whether Mr. Grover had done the victimizing or had been a fellow-sufferer.

We confess to great interest in the playing of Mr. CHARLES KUNKEL, of Cincinnati, whom we had the pleasure of meeting, in company, with some of our leading pianists.

BERLIN, FEB., 1865.—An unexpected pleasure to me was the announcement of a concert by CLARA SCHUMANN and JULIUS STOCKHAUSEN. Clara Schumann, whom for years it had been my great wish to hear, and Stockhausen, of whose singing a friend had given me a most glowing account just before I left America, advising me by no means to miss any opportunity of hearing him. With expectant delight I took my seat in the hall of the Sing-Akademie, and can assure you that all my anticipations were fully realized. The concert was opened by Mme. Schumann with her husband's D-minor Trio,—familiar and dear to me through repeated hearings in America. But I had never heard it so played before!

Here was one twin soul interpreting the language of another, from which it was severed; and the tones told the story both of blissful communion in days gone by, and of lonely longing and yearning for reunion. As I looked upon the sweet, mild, patient face, how the whole life of the woman rose up before me! Her artist childhood and youth, under the guidance of a capricious parent—to use the mildest term—her artist love, betrothal and marriage—that marriage so true and perfect in every way! And then that fearful trial—tenfold heavy because of the pure happiness it broke in upon,—that most terrible of sorrows, the darkening of the light of reason in the heart's idol, in comparison to which death is a blessing! Since then, too, the care and the training of her many children, with means so limited as to make a constant effort on her part necessary!

And not even yet does fate spare her, for her hearing is said to be gradually failing, and an accident like that I mentioned in my last, was a most cruel one for her. I will say here, however, that she appears to have recovered from the effects of her fall, for she has commenced playing in public again.

But not only through all these associations, and my warm interest in the artist, did I enjoy her playing, but also for its intrinsic merit. If I had known nothing whatever about her, her rendering of the Trio, as well as of the "32 Variations on a Theme in C minor" of Beethoven, one of the "Momens Musicales" of Schubert, Chopin's lovely G-minor *Nocturne*, and Mendelssohn's *Scherzo and Capriccio*, would have delighted me beyond measure, both for its technical perfection and its artistic truth and fire. In addition, she manifested equal excellence as an accompanist to Stockhausen's singing of her husband's "*Liederkreis von Eichendorff*." This was two-fold perfection: Stockhausen, with his beautiful, rich, velvety, unwavering barytone, his wonderful ease and clearness of intonation and enunciation, his soulful rendering of the lovely music, and Clara Schumann's playing, which she made so entirely subordinate to the voice, and which yet was so characteristic of her. The "*Liederkreis*" consists of twelve short songs, quite independent of each other, but yet forming an exquisite whole, like lovely flowers enhanced in beauty by being bound in a wreath. Besides these (sung in two divisions), Stockhausen gave us a couple of the less known songs of Schubert: "*An die Leyer*," and "*Waldesnacht*;" less effective than many of the more familiar ones, but rendered attractive by the excellent rendering.

You will not wonder that I was among the first to secure tickets for a second concert of these artists, which was to take place a week later. My disappointment was great when Mme. Schumann's accident made it impossible for her to appear; but further sorrows awaited me. A Frau v. Bronsart was announced as substitute, and, in Beethoven's last Sonata, did neither the composition nor herself justice, for in some smaller pieces she appeared to much better advantage. Stockhausen was advertised to sing six

of the "*Schwanengesang*" songs and "*Der Harfner*" by Schubert, and Beethoven's song, "To the distant Beloved." The first he accomplished; but only the Serenade to my thorough satisfaction; the others lost either by transposition or by his not being in good voice. He commenced his second number, the ballad, in a very ineffective manner, and in the midst of it stopped suddenly, exclaiming, "A sudden hoarseness!" This was so entirely unexpected, that the audience seemed quite stunned. His fellow artists used all their persuasive powers to induce him at least to make the attempt to sing again, but in vain. Frau von Bronsart played her remaining number; a young man who had acted as accompanist, volunteered the information that it would be utterly impossible for Herr Stockhausen to sing any more, and the audience, the greater part of whom had paid a Thaler and a half, none less than a Thaler for their tickets, were left to find their way home, and swallow their disappointment as best they might. Not a word of excuse was offered, no proposal made to refund the money for the tickets. I must say that the public took the matter very meekly; whatever indignation there was, was not loudly expressed. In America, Herr Stockhausen would have been hissed under similar circumstances, or made to feel the displeasure of the audience in some way. The papers came out very severely subsequently, and a card appeared from him, in which, in a very haughty tone, he expressed his willingness to indemnify his hearers by another concert, as soon as his engagements in Hamburg, etc., would permit; but, to this date, nothing further has been heard about the matter, except that those present that evening have been requested to send in their names and the numbers of their tickets. To do the gentleman justice, however, I must say that he has been really ill or at least unable to sing for part of the time since, so that he could not fulfil an engagement of long standing with the "*Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*" here.

Of two concerts of the Dom-chor that have taken place since I last wrote, I give you the programmes, to show how exceedingly interesting they are, not only through the marvellous singing of the choir, but also through the great variety of the music they produce, both in point of style and date. I doubt if their equal can be found anywhere in the musical world of the present time. The programme of the first was this:

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| 1 Crucifixus (8 parts)..... | Lotti. (1700). |
| 2 Chorus for men's voices..... | Vittoria. (1589). |
| 3 Chorus (Sopr. Alt. 2 Ten. Basses)..... | Eccard (1600). |
| 4 Motet (double chorus)..... | J. S. Bach. |
| 5 Aria, "Liebster Jesu"..... | Bach. |
| Fräulein Decker. | |
| 6 130 Psalm..... | Gluck. |
| 7 Offertorium..... | Meh. Haydn. |
| 8 Aria, "Dignare Domine"..... | Hasse. |
| 9 Kyrie (2 Sop. Alt. Ten. Basses)..... | F. Schneider. |
| 10 43 Psalm (8 parts)..... | Mendelssohn. |

Of these the first two numbers and the last were the most beautiful—particularly the *Crucifixus* of Lotti, which seemed like a revelation. Fr. Decker has a remarkably sweet voice, without much force but peculiarly suited to the style of music which she sang. In the second concert the following was the programme:

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| 1 Agnus Dei..... | Palestrina. |
| 2 Motet..... | H. Schütz. |
| 3 Motet (double chorus)..... | J. Christ. Bach. |
| 4 Aria, (Tenor with chorus) from the St. Matthew Passion..... | J. Seb. Bach. |
| Herr Rudolph Otto. | |
| 5 Motet..... | Homilius. |
| 6 Chorus from Esther..... | Handel. |
| 7 Ave Verum..... | Mozart. |
| 8 Rec. and Aria from Sampson..... | Handel. |
| Herr Otto. | |
| 9 Graduale..... | Nicolas. |
| 10 Chorus..... | Mendelssohn. |

To my great disappointment I was prevented from attending this concert, but from all accounts, it was quite equal, if not superior, to the other.

"The Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde," a society called into life by HERR VON BUELOW, and, since his departure for Munich, carried on by HERR HANS VON BRONSART, has continued its series of concerts, which have, on the whole, been very attractive. The

performances consist of compositions both new and old for orchestra and chorus, as well as both vocal and instrumental solos. At the last concert were given Berlioz's "Flight into Egypt," a Psalm by Liszt, an Aria from *Lohengrin*, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony:—a juxtaposition of the "Future" and the "Past" in which, in my humble opinion, the former suffered considerably by the contrast, notwithstanding that the performance of the Symphony left much room for improvement.

In the Opera, several novelties have been brought out: "The Star of Turan," by Richard Wuerst, and "Catharina Cornaro," by Lachner. Both are favorably criticized, but appear to present nothing extraordinary. I had the pleasure of hearing a very beautiful performance of *Figaro* not long ago, with the three principal female parts excellently filled. Fräulein De Ahna, a beautiful woman, with a pure, sweet, mezzo-soprano, looked and sang the part of the Countess superbly; Susanna was charmingly rendered by Frau Harriers-Wippen, who, as some one aptly remarked, "sings like a nightingale," and Lucca as the page, was quite bewitching, and made the part much more important than it really is, by her beautiful voice and singing. The male parts were well filled by old stand-bys of the Berlin opera, Krause and Salomon; as were also the minor parts, so that the ensemble was excellent, and the whole performance thoroughly enjoyable.

For some weeks past Mlle. DESIRÉE ARTOT has been singing here in French and Italian operas, such as *L'Ambassadrice*, *Le Domino Noir*, the *Barber*, *La Traviata*, etc. I have not yet been able to hear her, but her singing and acting are generally praised, though her voice is said to be rather worn. *Faust* is one of the standing pieces of the repertoire, with alternately Harriers-Wippen and Lucca as Margaret; and recently the *Huguenots* was revived, with Lucca as Valentine, which is pronounced her best part.

Once only, since I have been in Berlin, has WAGNER-JACHMANN re-appeared in Opera, and that in a part the right to which, in leaving the operatic stage, she reserved for herself—that of *Orpheus*. Of course, I did not miss hearing it, and I doubt whether she would have impressed me much more deeply in her palmiest days. Through long care and rest, her voice had regained much of its old quality, and, with the exception of a few middle notes, was fully equal to the part. And her acting, her whole appearance, were grand beyond description! Every pose, every motion was classical, the play of her features marvellous, and her singing so full of soul! The first lament and the "Che farò," how inexpressibly touching and beautiful her rendering of them! And the whole of the music! Words cannot give an idea of it. The parts of Venus and Euridice, I regret to say, were poorly filled, but the orchestra and choruses were good, and Wagner could make one forget all the rest. She frequently appears in the drama, and in some parts is said to be superb, particularly so in Goethe's *Iphigenie*, for which part she must look exceedingly well. M.

Music in London.

The season for Philharmonic Concerts and Italian Opera has not yet come; but there has been the usual London wealth of oratorios, chamber music, Crystal Palace concerts, English opera, &c., &c.

The most interesting record is that of the "MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS," which since the middle of January have gone on weekly, with programmes of the choicest music, rendered by the best of artists. The string quartet party (Messrs. Strauss, Ries, Webb and Paque) have played quartets by Beethoven, in E flat, No. 10, and in B flat, Op. 18; by Mendelssohn in E flat, Op. 12, and by Haydn, in C, Op. 23; also Mozart's Quintet in A (with clarinet), and in G minor; and Spohr's in G, No. 1.

Other concerted pieces have been: Mozart's *Divertimento* for string quartet and two horns; the Septets by Beethoven and by Hummel; Beethoven's *Serenade* for violin, viola and 'cello.

The pianists have been Herr Pauer, who played Mozart's C-minor Fantasia and Sonata, and in Mendelssohn's early Quartet; Herr Charles Hallé, who played Beethoven's Sonata in C, Op. 53, his Pastoral Sonata in D, his Sonata in G with violin, and in Hummel's E flat Trio; and Mme. Arabella Goddard, who played for the first time, and on three successive evenings, Dussek's Sonata called "Invocation," which the *Musical World* thinks comes the nearest of all other Sonatas to Beethoven's ideal; Beethoven's last Sonata (Op. 111); the "Kreutzer" do. with Strauss, Hummel's Septet and Mendelssohn's D-minor Trio.

Herr Strauss has played Tartini's violin Sonata, "Didone abbandonata;" Sims Reeves has sung *Adeilda*, with Arabella Goddard accompanying; and Louisa Pyne and others have sung songs classical and popular.

One of these concerts was purely a Beethoven feast.

The next concert, March 6, was marked by the return of the great violinist, Joachim, who led the quartets—Beethoven in C, op. 59; and Haydn in G, op. 64,—and with Hallé, played 'a Sonata-duo in E minor by Mozart. The Quartets must have gained also by the return of the most classical of violoncellists, Sig. Piatti, to his old post. "Never," says Davison, "has the grandest of the 'Rosonowsky' quartets been played with more effect." The same critic remarks that, "like all who appreciate genuine art, Herr Joachim has a strong predilection for 'Papa Haydn,' and we believe would lead any one of the 83 quartets with enthusiasm." Mr. Hallé played also at this concert Schubert's very long, but very interesting, Sonata in B flat (op. 140). Miss Banks sang songs by Mendelssohn.

ORATORIOS.—The Sacred Harmonic Society have performed this season: Spohr's "Last Judgment," the "Hymn of Praise," "Elijah," and "Israel in Egypt"—the last with Sims Reeves.—The national Choral Society (Mr. Martin's Choir), have sung the "Creation" and "Judas Maccabæus," with Sims Reeves, chorals and orchestra amounting to 700 persons. The rehearsals for the Great Handel Festival in June are in progress under Costa.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1865.

Concerts.

MR. OTTO DRESEL's new series of eight concerts of piano-forte music began last Saturday afternoon, when Chickering's Hall was filled with the most appreciative of Boston audiences. Mr. Dresel's programmes are so excellent, made up so exclusively of things choice and rare, the truest poetry of music, and the several numbers so artistically arranged with reference to natural sequence, mutual relief and contrast, giving the whole concert the unity as it were of a Symphony, that it must be interesting to have them all placed on record. Indeed no other musician among us has his tact in programme-making; with him the programme is a work of art; in each of them you feel a fine poetic instinct, the nicest sense of musical relationship, and a remarkably wide acquaintance with the really valuable music written for the piano. This time the selection was as follows:

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| 32 Variations, op. 36..... | Beethoven. |
| Fugue, C minor [from the "Well-tempered Clavichord," No. 2, Part I]..... | J. S. Bach. |
| Fantasia, op. 17, [last movement]..... | Rob. Schumann. |
| Barcarolle, op. 60..... | Chopin. |
| Sonata, C major, op. 53. Allegro, Adagio quasi Introduzione, Rondo..... | Beethoven. |
| Fugue, F minor, ["Well-tempered Clavichord, No. 12, Part II]..... | J. S. Bach. |
| Fantasia, op. 49..... | Chopin. |
| Prelude, D flat..... | Chopin. |
| Presto Scherzando..... | Mendelssohn. |

Beethoven was a great master of the art of variation writing and was very fond of it. Many movements in his Sonatas and Symphonies are simply subjects reproduced, developed, through a series of variations, whether they bear the name or not; for instance, the Andante of the C-minor Symphony. But with him variation is not the trivial, mechanical proceeding to which the common virtuosos have accustomed us; it is no mere breaking up of chords into arpeggios, no torturing of an air into breathless runs and skips, bedizening it with senseless curls and filigree, merely to show off execution. Beethoven's variation is, in the fullest sense of the term, *development*—a vital process of creation, whereby latent meaning, beauties, wonders, are unfolded out of some seemingly little germ-thought or subject. You forget all about the ingenuity, the science, in the poetic inspiration of the thing; you go on sounding all the depths and heights of feeling; you meet continually new forms, new moods, of beauty and of power; for he has taken you into a wonder palace through this little door of a theme, where you wander on as by fate unlocking chamber after chamber which concealed new wonders. Beethoven was not alone in this power: all the great composers have had more or less of it; and he, like them, has often exercised it in a small way, upon Bagatelles and lighter Variations, and sometimes in a serious and great way. Thus, he composed in the latter part of his life a set of 33 *Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli*, a work of formidable length and difficulty, and really one of the most remarkable and characteristic products of his genius. J. S. Bach's piano works contain an Aria (original and very beautiful, with all its quaint old manner), with 30 Variations, in every form of canon, and yet such as will reward the poetic sense of one who will really study them. Then, too, there are the "Variations *Serieuses*" of Mendelssohn, which have been heard in our concert rooms, and rank among his best piano works. All these, and more things of the kind, it would be very instructive to hear from Mr. Dresel; but the best of audiences is made up to a small extent of students. In larger works, Sonatas, &c., if not in Variations so called, he will give us abundant illustration of Beethoven's mastery in this art.

The "32 Variations on a Theme in C-minor" were a revelation to most of that audience. He seems to have made the theme for the variations, or found it with the variations in it. It is but a single strain of eight bars, a spasmodic, fiery succession of chords and phrases, quite a little storm of harmony; and the variations, which flow, or rather fly, right on without break or pause, observing always the same exact length, and essentially the same chords in each measure, seem to exhaust all its passionate phases. At first it grows more melodic in a simply graceful arpeggio treatment; another begins so, but ends so mystically that you marvel what next. Some of the variations are subdued and soothing; some are tender, some are fiery, even angry; some full

of hope, some of despair; some murmur low and mystical; for a time, in the middle of the journey, they enter the sunshine of the major mode; and the whole flight has been so swift, so uninterrupted, that you hardly believe it when you find yourself set down upon the earth again; nor have the swiftly passing novelties distracted or dissipated you, for you feel that you have and hold them virtually all with you in the unmistakable impression of the same ground tones that have been ringing their own changes all the while.

Without pause there then followed the little C-minor Fugue of Bach, which, like the other one in F minor, is one of those fairy-like, poetic little plays of fancy, in which Bach's contrapuntal art sometimes hides itself; they are sure to please, when played so exquisitely as they were. Again without pause, came the Fantasia by Schumann, which seemed only a deeper, richer, broader unfolding of the same poetic journey. How full of soul and warmth the earnest, rich tones sounded, under that vital touch, marking each note with the right accent! and how well the player was seconded by the sympathetic, full tone of that Chickering Grand! The most wonderful of *Barcaroles* is that of Chopin, a rare accession to our fund of musical impressions. The water seems so cool and deep; the broad tone-masses mirror and suggest so much; the motion is so free and buoyant, and at times so energetic and possessed. Sometimes the melodic figure is so limpid, it reflects the dimple of the water, and your fingers play with the liquid element.

The Sonata, op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein, has not before been played in public here, that we are aware. It is as different from any other Sonata of Beethoven, as any play of Shakespeare's is different from another. Marx places only two of the thirty-two Sonatas beyond it in point of difficulty of execution. It is essentially romantic in its tone, rather than sentimental or impassioned. The rustling pianissimo deep down in the bass, with which it opens, excites strange expectation, and the rushing crescendo passages seem to bear you away on strong wings, somewhat rudely, to regions of enchantment. You are surprised to find how soon you are in a new element; how the key is changed and ever changing; soon far away from the original C, and in fact very seldom in it; already in the second subject you are in E, marvelling at a delicious flow of fresh, rich, magical chords, which is repeated in variation as it deserves to be, and again you are caught up in the same irresistible mysterious manner and are transported to still new wonders. It seems a sort of German *Märchen*; in the Rondo you can think of nothing but fairy fêtes and dances; as unlike as possible to Mendelssohn's fairies, these are full as fascinating and poetic, and probably less soon cloying. The single page of Adagio, serving as introduction to the Rondo, is of most rare beauty; one of those soulful, profound reveries, in which a moment is a whole life. Mr. Dresel interpreted the Sonata, both technically and imaginatively, with such fine mastery that it held all listeners spell-bound.

This afternoon Mr. Dresel will play two of the latest Sonatas of Beethoven, neither of which has before found its way into our concert rooms.

Mr. J. C. D. PARKER's singing Club again treated their friends, last Tuesday evening, at Chickering's, to a feast of choruses (with solos), and part-

songs, admirably selected and admirably sung. His choir of nearly forty voices, all fresh, musical and telling, have been trained to excellent ensemble and they all sing *con amore*. The concert opened with Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, one of his latest compositions, which was sung in a very singable English version. The choruses, full of grandeur and dramatic power, came out nobly; the two soprano solos were simply, sweetly, clearly sung by a pure soprano voice, and the quartet was beautiful. A brace of part-songs followed: "Autumn Song" by Gade, and "Vale of Rest" by Mendelssohn, both sung to a charm. Then came Schubert's Psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd," for four female voices, a right refreshing thing to have revived again. Then the wonderful Prisoners' Chorus from *Fidelio*, in which the male voices were very effective, the voluminous deep bass of one of the gentlemen supplying a grand sixteen-foot ground tone (to speak in organ dialect). Two more charming part-songs: "Water Lily" by Gade, and Heine's "The sea bath its pearls," set by Mr. Parker; and then the concert closed with selections from *St. Paul*: the soprano aria, "Jerusalem," sung by Miss Houston in her best style; the chorus, "How lovely are the Messengers," the alto recitative and air, "But the Lord is mindful," so truthfully and nobly sung, and with such substantial, rich tone, by Mrs. Cary, that it had to be repeated; and finally the startling, splendid chorus, "Rise up! arise and shine!" and the Chorale, "Sleepers, wake!" It is a privilege to listen to such amateur singing as that; how much greater privilege to take a part in it!

THE ORCHESTRAL UNION has excellent audiences of late for its Afternoon Concerts, and it labors well to deserve them. Last week, Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony was played again, besides the Overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, Beethoven's Turkish March, &c. This week we had Bennett's genial and poetic "Naiads" Overture; a new Concert Waltz by Strauss, called "Morgenblätter"; one of the smaller Symphonies of Mozart, in D, consisting of Allegro, Andante, and Finale Allegro, delightful indeed to hear; the favorite *Nocturne* from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music; and Liszt's *Les Preludes*, in which there is always something to learn and something to relish from its fine traits of instrumentation, although the ideas sound common.

MLLE. DE KATOW, MR. WEHLI, and party, left us last week, after giving four or five more concerts in different halls: one at Chickering's, one at the Boston Theatre ("Sacred"), and finally one at the Melodeon. This last was on the whole the most interesting. The Russian *violin*cellist continued to charm by her generous and noble manner, and by the real feeling and delicacy with which she wooed simple airs and *cantabile* passages from the strings; her execution in *bravura* is quite limited, and the *forzando* strokes of her bow are often answered by a pigmy, stringy apology for tone. It is a pity, too, that she will waste the real musical feeling which she evidently has upon so many trashy compositions.

MR. WEHLI confined himself mostly to show pieces, operatic fantasias, &c., of his own putting together; varying the programme now and then by a waltz of Chopin, or a "Song without Words" by Mendelssohn, of which his rendering was facile, clear, and elegant, to be sure, but in no wise remarkable except for that perfection of manipulation which he has been running all his life to overtake; whether it is more than a shadow in his grasp, the public have as yet no opportunity to know. Taste (in the external sense), quiet ease in the overcoming of difficulties, refinement, we can give his playing credit for; not depth of feeling, not a spark of genius, nor any profound inward sympathy with genius. The most remarkable and most interesting as well as amazingly difficult of his fantasia pieces, was the

last one he played, on themes from the *Huguenots*; the effort elicited immense applause.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL of the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, to celebrate their 50th anniversary, will be inaugurated on Tuesday morning, the 22d of May, probably with the "Hymn of Praise" and an orchestral Symphony, and close on the following Sunday evening with the "Messiah." The chorus will be augmented to some 700 voices, and the grand orchestra, including the principal members of the Philharmonic orchestra in New York, will number at least 80 instruments. There will be four oratorios ("Israel in Egypt," "Elijah," "Creation" and "Messiah"), and four grand orchestra concerts, so distributed between mornings and evenings as to leave fair chances for rehearsal, the chart whereof will be announced in due season. The Society are in treaty with some of the world's great solo singers; but even should they fail in this, there will be no lack of resources. And we take it everybody, at that time, will be in the humor of great and continued choral jubilation.

THE "LIFE OF MENDELSSOHN," from the German of Lampadius, translated by the Rev. W. L. Gage, is just published by Frederick Leypoldt, New York and Philadelphia, and is for sale here by Urbino and at all the bookstores. It is a most attractive little volume, of 270 pages, in the tasteful style which has distinguished Leypoldt's publications, and indeed is a fit companion volume to his edition of Mendelssohn's delightful Letters. It should be read in connection with the Letters, and for that purpose it was greatly needed, to supply many a connecting link and furnish outward unity and background; for inwardly, essentially, we have the man's life in his music and his letters. Lampadius, a clergyman in Leipzig, was an enthusiastic friend and admirer of Mendelssohn. He wrote this brief, and yet quite circumstantial narrative of him, within a year after his death, and entitled it "A Memorial, for his Friends." It has not, on the musical side of it, all the critical accuracy and discrimination of a musician, and it appeared before the time had come for a final, satisfactory biography, such as we may expect in the indefinite future at the hands of the son or some other relative of the great composer. But is by far the fullest account of him that has yet appeared, and it is full of data with regard to his compositions and his activity as conductor, performer, founder and professor of the Leipzig school, his relations with the King of Prussia, with all the artists of his time, and all the relations of his many-sided life. With the Letters for illustration, it will be impossible for any musical person to read it without interest. Mr. Gage has given a *bona fide* translation of all that is essential in the original, and has furthermore enriched the volume with personal sketches and reminiscences of Mendelssohn by Chorley, Benedict, Rellstab and others. No book (except the Letters,) tells so much about its subject as this little volume.

The musical Philadelphians have made a vigorous subscription to draw Mr. OTTO DRESEL thither for a few piano-forte concerts. He will probably gratify them in the latter part of the month, and we wish them joy of it.

FARMINGTON, CONN.—The annual feasts of Classical Chamber music at Mrs. Porter's Young Ladies' School, with Mr. KLAUSER, their music teacher, for presiding genies, the choicest programmes, the best artists from New York or Boston for interpreters, and the young ladies aforesaid for audience, are getting to be famous. The persistency of the thing speaks well for it. The programmes of the Soirée and Matinée of the 8th and 9th inst. are headed "Sixteenth Season, the Twenty-third and Twenty-

fourth Concert." This time the artists were our Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with Mr. J. C. D. PARKER as pianist; and these were the selections:

Quintet in C, Op. 29. Beethoven.
Capriccio in B minor, Piano with Quintet Accompaniment
Mendelssohn.
Fantasia for Clarinet. T. Ryan.
Meditation on Bach's First Prelude—Violin Obligato.
Gounod.
Canonetta from Quartet in E flat, Op. 13, and Song without words, No. 4, 5th Book. Mendelssohn.
Arranged for Quintet.
Quintet for Piano and Strings in E flat, Op. 44.
R. Schumann.

Quintet.—No. 2. in B flat. Mendelssohn.
Andante and Rondo from the Piano Sonata "Le Retour à Paris." Dussek.
Saitarella for Violin. Alard.
Sonata for Piano and Violoncello in A minor, Op. 69.
Beethoven.
Larghetto and Tema Con Variazioni from the Clarinet Quintet in A, Op. 108. Mozart.

MRS. ADELINA MOTTE, formerly Miss Washburn, of this city, and one of the best of our native singers, has joined Grover's German Opera company, and has been singing in Washington and elsewhere very successfully, as Siebel in *Faust*, among other characters. In a concert between the acts of *Stradella*, she sang a Cavatina from *Semiramide*, of which one of the local papers says:

An audience which has just been enjoying the singers and the orchestra of the German Opera Troupe would naturally be reluctant to listen to any singing to the simple accompaniment of a piano, but Mrs. Adelina Motte fairly took the audience by storm by her clear and sweet voice and her brilliant execution. She was enthusiastically encored.

VIRGINIA WHITING LORINI. The rumor of the death of this prima donna is confirmed. She died at Santiago de Cuba, Feb. 28th, of hemorrhage. Madame Lorini was the daughter of Mr. Whiting, a well-known comedian, for many years connected with the Tremont Theatre. She was educated at the Boston public schools, and was highly esteemed by all the young ladies of her acquaintance. As an artist she enjoyed a wide reputation, and was always welcomed to the concert room or lyric stage, wherever she appeared. Some fifteen years ago she sang at Castle Garden, New York, and elsewhere, and a few years later went to Europe, where she studied faithfully, and soon won an enviable position as a lyric artist and as a vocalist of the best school and method. Her voice was a pure high soprano, trained with careful skill, and reminded one of Labadie. Though not a great lyric actress, says the N.Y. Evening Post, Madame Lorini has played such tragic parts as *Norma* and *Lucrezia* with much acceptance. Obliging and courteous, managers always liked to have so kindly and efficient a prima donna in their troupe. During the past summer and fall Madame Lorini travelled through the West; and a few months ago went, as prima donna of Mr. De Vivo's opera troupe, to the West Indies, expecting to return to New York in April.—*Transcript*.

During our stay in Berlin, in the winter of 1860-61, Mme. Lorini was the sole prima donna soprano of the Italian troupe whose performances alternated with the German at the royal opera house. There, all that winter, in the Italian nights, she sustained the leading soprano roles, sharing the honors with the then new and admirable contralto, Trebelli, in such Rossini operas as *Semiramide*, *Tancredi*, *Matilda di Shabran*, &c. The New York Weekly Review says of her:

In Paris, London, Vienna, Milan, Berlin, Barcelona, and all the capitals and important cities of Europe, Madame Lorini sang with success, her beautiful voice and admirable method being universally admired and extolled by the most exacting critics and audiences. In South America she was immensely successful; in Havana the hard-to-please *habitués* of the Tacon were enthusiastic in her praise. In New York, in Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, and in all the larger Western cities, this American artiste was exceedingly popular.

Aside from her rare musical talent, Madame Lorini possessed a degree of cultivation seldom met with in any country. She was a most accomplished linguist, speaking some five or six languages perfectly. Having traveled so extensively, her knowledge of the world was indeed unusual, and rendered her a most interesting and charming companion. She was generous to a fault, kind and courteous to all, endearing herself to her fellow artists by invariable good humor and an ever readiness to confer a favor or render as-

sistance. Managerial interests never suffered from her caprices or whims. As modest as she was talented, Madame Lorini would undertake any role to oblige an Impresario, and in this country, where operatic enterprises are so precarious, she rendered incalculable services to different managements. Her repertoire was immense—she knew forty or fifty operas, was ready at a moment's notice to sing any role a soprano is ever called upon to undertake, and did this with a kindness and good humor rare in any profession.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. A concert, in aid of the "Ladies' Relief Association," was given on Feb. 28th, by the ladies of Cottage Hill Seminary (Rev. G. T. Rider, Rector), of quite a classical character. The programme included a Quintet by Beethoven, the Octet by Mendelssohn (arranged for piano, four hands, and strings), a Quartet by Haydn, a violin solo from a Concerto by David, played by Mr. Apelles, who, with other members of the West Point band, made up the quintet of strings; also vocal pieces from Bellini, Neukomm, Kücken and Bishop.

Mlle. HELENE DE KATOW.—The *Play Bill* furnishes a short biographical sketch of the lady violoncellist, of which this is the principal portion:

She is the granddaughter of Prince de Potkin, Minister of the Emperor Nicholas, who was exiled with his son, the father of this lady. The latter changed his name and assumed that of Katowitz, the name of an ancestral estate in Poland. Mlle. de Katow's title is the Countess Polowna Potkin.

She was born in Riga, Russia, but at an early age went with her parents, who were exiled for political reasons to Paris. It was at Elsas, and at the age of eleven years, that she took her first music lesson from Brant, the nephew of the celebrated Carl Maria von Weber, and received instruction also in French literature from Massé, the well known author. Devoted enthusiastically to the study of art, Mlle. de Katow was able in March, 1860, to make her first appearance before an audience in the Hôtel-de-Ville, Paris, for Société des Beaux-Arts. After the concert, at which she was the principal attraction, and where her success was marked, she was honored with a diploma of membership, signed by all the members of the society. Her services on this occasion were gratuitous, the concert being for the benefit of the poor. Nevertheless, she was rewarded with a handsome present—a violoncello and bow inlaid with precious stones. Encouraged by the favor which she had thus obtained, she subsequently gave a grand concert at the Salle Herz, assisted by several of the musical celebrities of Paris.

Mlle. de Katow, at an earlier period had played at the Exposition in Brussels. After her performance the Duc de Brabant presented her with a magnificent diamond brooch, as a token of his esteem; and Servais, the great master of the violoncello, was so surprised at her genius and technical ability that he at once offered her his professional assistance. Ever desirous of an opportunity of improving herself, she entered the Conservatoire, and for two years devoted herself exclusively to study. At the end of the second year she received the first prize, although amongst her competitors were pupils who had been already five years in the establishment. The piece performed at the Distribution was "Le Désir," by Servais, and on the occasion the Duchess of Brabant, who had taken much interest in the young artist, decorated her with the Golden Medal of King Leopold, and placed on her brow a crown of laurel. It was during her stay in the Belgian capital that she became acquainted with Victor Hugo, who was then engaged in writing "Les Misérables"—or that portion at least which describes so wonderfully the great days of Waterloo. He would frequently request Mlle. de Katow to play for him, and would even indicate the mood to which his literary labors required to be attuned. In recompense for her kindness the distinguished author, on leaving for his island home, presented her the first copy of his immortal work, with these words inscribed on the first leaf:—

"Hommage au beau et charmant talent de Mlle. Helene Katow.—Un admirateur enthousiaste, "VICTOR HUGO."

From the period we have indicated to the present time Mlle. de Katow has performed almost incessantly in public, and with unvarying success. At Berlin, after a brilliant series of concerts she had the honor to be appointed virtuoso to King Frederick William. She was also made honorary member of several Philharmonic societies—associations that are not prodigal of their favors.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Der Deutschman's Philosophy. Yohn Schmidt. 30

One of the funniest of funny songs. We may not like honest Yohn's philosophy, but we can't help being amused at it. Singers should be careful to observe the direction as to the tempo, "Let um go preddy vast!"

The Orphan's Prayer. O speak gently to me now. H. W. Luther. 30

A plaintive song with chorus. Melodious and easy.

What joy thus to know. (Tua grazia, O Dio.)

"La Forza de Destino," by Verdi. 30

Verdi's new opera has been given in New York, and will, probably, be heard, ere long, in our principal cities and towns. The above is one of the favorite songs.

Father of all, whose circling arm. T. Bissell. 30

An excellent hymn, by J. S. Adams, with appropriate music.

O fly to her I love. F. Abt. 30

Many persons have an idea that German songs are of a dark, mysterious character, pleasing only to those who like music minor, sad, and bordering on the discordant. This is true but to a limited extent. Most of the best songs are bright and cheerful, and as adapted to the popular ear as others. The above song is sweet and melodious.

Our Grandfather's days. Tony Pastor. 30

Tony here carries out his pastoral character by admonishing us of the degeneracy of the present days as compared with old times. That is not so, but the discourse is just as funny for not being true. Very pretty tune.

Instrumental.

Parting. (Scheiden Waltzer.) E. Weissenborn. 60

One of the prettiest sets of waltzes that has been published. The music is at once elegant and brilliant. Of moderate difficulty.

The Wanderer. By Schubert. Transcribed by

B. Richards. 40

This is one of the best of "Songs without words" and, for merit, is above the average of Richards' usually excellent transcriptions.

La Chateleine. Valse de Salon. E. Ketterer. 75

A piece of medium difficulty, and excellent, both for practice and performance.

Union League March. A. Birgfield. 30

New Year's Grand March. R. L. Salem. 30

Two pretty pieces by good composers.

Books.

MERRY CHIMES; A new Juvenile Music Book, containing Elementary Instructions, Attractive Exercises, and several hundred popular songs. By L. O. Emerson, Author of the "Golden Wreath," "Harp of Judah," &c. 50

Those who glance at the crowded index page of this book, will agree that there is no stinting in the number of songs. A large proportion of them are new, and there is an attractive character of brightness in the words and melodies. The reputation of the "Golden Wreath" will probably secure to its successor an extensive sale, but it is believed that the merits of the new work are sufficient to render it an equal favorite with the other.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

